



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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Ice Beast, they were just like Miss Corbet when she invented the Kank, the Wuss, and other animals. . . . If this book has any moral at all, it is to be kind to all sorts and conditions of animals—that will let you." Then follows a delightful collection of tales, of Phoenix and Unicorn, Dragon and Fire Drake, of doubtful veracity; of all sorts and conditions of animals, within living memory, all well told, the various authors being fitly chosen, and able to tell a tale with literary power as well as sympathetic interest. For the pictures, the Fire Drake and the portrait of Greedy Sqoucer we find the most irresistible.

English Lyrics, edited by W. G. Henley, new edition (Methuen, 2/-). We all have to acknowledge introductions to persons, or places, or poems, which have become dear afterwards for their own sakes. Where a poet undertakes to introduce us to the poems he loves he does us a real service, and Mr. Henley, we need not say, has done this service with the discrimination, sympathy, and *verve* of a poet. He says in his preface:—"It is easy to tell a lyric when you see one. It is not so easy to say what a lyric is." He requires that a lyric shall turn upon some single thought, feeling, and situation, and that the feeling or emotion shall oblige us to forget the other qualifications. We are glad of his insistence on *emotion* as essential to a lyric, and agree with him that such poems as Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* should be ruled out because they lack emotion. We have here a delightful anthology with some things that are new to us and many things that come with the cheer of old friends. The Publishers have done well to give us another edition of Mr. Henley's Anthology.

The Human Boy, by E. Phillpotts (Methuen, 6/-). Boys are in the ascendant this season. Mr. Kipling has given us *Stalky & Co.*, with Boy as he would choose to be,—impassive, sublime, up to many dodges, more than a match for many masters. But, in spite of himself as it were, this ideal boy's Boy from Study No. 5 is made, in Mr. Kipling's own way, to succumb to noble enthusiasms, be carried off his feet by heroic impulses. But our business is not with *Stalky & Co.*, but with Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Boys, who are, as he says, *human*. We are not sure that "Boy" will like himself *au naturel* as well as when Mr. Kipling sings him in Homeric strains. Why should he? But the Merivale boys are delightful persons just because they are quite natural. The tales of Merivale are told by various boys. There is the famous siege of the wing dormitory, then there is Freckles, the Australian boy, who went bush-ranging about Merivale in the most knowing way, and plucky little Corky Minimus, who fought a big fellow about Milly, the doctor's daughter. *The Piebald Rat*, of which Ferrars is the hero, is a very curious and psychologically interesting story of how young Ferrars took this queer pet, whom he called "Mayne Reid," for a sort of familiar without whom he could expect no luck. But every story is good as a story, and boys will read the book with delight, never doubting but that other fellows have told these tales of their chums, while to the elders is here unfolded, for instruction and amusement, boy nature as it is hardly to be met with elsewhere in print books. We bless "Mr. Chadband" for inventing "the human boy."

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.]

A HYMN FOR THE PRESENT TIME OF WAR.

[We have received this beautiful hymn in an official envelope of the P.N.E.U. We venture to reprint it, hoping it may be sung in many churches and many homes, and that many copies may be ordered of Mr. Spalding, to serve the cause.]

O Lord of Hosts, without whose Will
No wars are waged by men's decree,
Their swords Thy purposes fulfil;
The earth, O Lord, is ruled by Thee.

Lord, we believe Thy arm alone
Can save by many or by few;
All vaunting pride we would disown,
Our faith and trust in Thee renew.

Gird Thou our armies with Thy might,
Keep Thou our flag unsold by sin,
Help us in justice, truth and right,
The foe to face, the fight to win.

Have mercy, Lord, on those who fall,
How'er, as friends or foes, they stood;
Grant Thy eternal peace to all
Who find in death their brotherhood.

O'er all the wounded shed Thy cheer,
Look down in pity on their pain,
Help them to feel Thy presence near,
To soothe and comfort, bless, sustain.

Regard the mourners—all who grieve
For loss of father, husband, son;
The stricken hearts do Thou relieve,
Help Thou their prayer: "Thy will be done."

On all who serve and all who share
The sacred ministry of love,
By deed, by word, by gift, by prayer,
Pour forth Thy blessing from above.

Lord God of Hosts, Lord God of Might,
O haste the day when wars shall cease,
When o'er the earth triumphant Right
Shall reign in universal peace. AMEN.

Copies, 1*d.* each on card, 3*d.* a dozen on paper, can be obtained of W. P. SPALDING, 43, Sidney Street, Cambridge. All profits will be given to the Cambridgeshire Newmarket Branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

A. A. T.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to the query in the November number of the *Parents' Review*, *The Lost Plum Cake* is by E. G. Wilcox, publisher, Macmillan, price, I think, 1s. I should be very glad if any mother could recommend me a first book on Geometry, and also one which gives in an easy form the stories of the constellations. Yours truly,

Hill Carr, Ilkley, Yorks.

A. D. R.

DEAR EDITOR,—I shall be grateful if any parent or teacher can tell me of some indoor occupations suited to a girl of five whose eyes are not to be overstrained. Some names of books suitable to be read aloud would also be very welcome. Yours faithfully,

A READER OF "THE PARENTS' REVIEW."

Borden Wood, Liphook, Hants.

Oct. 17th, 1899.

DEAR EDITOR,—I should be very grateful if you or any of your readers would tell me what is considered the best method of teaching a child music from the very beginning, and what book would be of most use to a mother who has had little experience in teaching, and none in teaching music.

Yours truly,

B. M.

DEAR EDITOR,—You may be interested to hear of a piece of work my little pupils have just undertaken, which is to furnish a doll's house with the aid of sloyd, basket and needlework. They intend to buy as little as possible for it; in fact, nothing which their own fingers can make. Their father is making the house and the children intend to furnish it. They have just finished two dear little sloyd beds, and are making the bed-clothes for them now.

Yours, etc.,

AN EX-STUDENT.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to A.D.R., a little book called *Tales for Me to Read to Myself*, is nice for children learning to read, but it is not quite written in words of four letters; it is published by J. Masters and Co. Can anyone recommend a simple book of Arithmetic, in the P.N.E.U. method, if possible?

Yours truly,

M. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you allow me as a mother of three public school boys, to reply to Mr. O'Connell's paper in the *Parents' Review* for December. Mr. O'Connell has probably had an unpleasant experience of teaching and school life, but is it fair that in consequence a large body of able and enthusiastic men and women, who are devoting their best years to the right bringing up of children entrusted to their charge, should have such sweeping accusations brought against them? I cannot allow it to pass without a protest in the name of the mothers of the P.N.E.U.

I do not think any mother would be satisfied with a teacher who only said pleasant things about her boys at the end of each term. We do not

ask for criticism of our children from the public, nor would we discuss our boys' weaknesses and failings with an outsider, but the teacher is for the most of the year *in loco parentis*, and it is one of the advantages of the public school system, that an outsider can be drawn within the narrow home circle, and can of his experience of many boys, help us to understand more clearly how to deal with our two or three. In my opinion, this close intimacy, brought about by strong interest in the children, exists between many teachers and parents at the present day, and I would also venture to add that this very happy and satisfactory state has been largely encouraged and fostered by the P.N.E.U. It was therefore with pain that I read the remarks of Mr. O'Connell.

We parents would find ourselves even more in harmony with the teacher, if we would but interest ourselves more in the boys' lives when at school. It is hard for a man to have to live nine months of the year with a number of boys, and not know whether the parents are interested or not. This does not mean an advocacy of undue interference on the part of the parents. Not writing for instance to a head-master, as a mother did a few months ago, "I do wish you would stop Johnnie throwing bread across the table." I mean that the parents should take a more intelligent interest in their boys' work and games and life generally, and that both parents and teachers should work hand in hand, having mutual trust and confidence in one another.

It is not my experience that a master brands a boy as dull. Whether a boy is dull or bright is shown by his place in form, and the parent can draw his own conclusion. I have indeed been struck and pleased with the fact that each master speaks only of the character of each boy, "Could do better if he worked harder." Surely there is no crushing of intellect here, no branding with impunity; there is even hope in the remark, "Does not concentrate his attention sufficiently on the work in hand." Again, a remark bearing on the character of the boy, and we of the P.N.E.U. welcome such signs of true education, "Does not take any interest in outside subjects." But parents and teacher worked together, and the next term came the remark, "Is much interested in the Natural History Club." I should always accept the same decision as correct and final for two terms, but if "Carelessness," for instance, was again mentioned for a third term, I should write and point out it was not the boy's fault, but of those in authority over him. We send our boy into the mimic world of a public school to be helped both in brain and in character training, and a master must say to himself, "So-and-so's besetting sin is carelessness; it now becomes my duty to help the boy to conquer it, and if I cannot do it, I am not worthy of my high calling."

In conclusion, I would beg parents and teachers to regard home and school as parallel, and to remember that the P.N.E.U. definitely proposes as one of its objects, a better harmonization of home and school training than has in many cases existed before.

MATER.